

The Second P A R T;
OF THE
L O N D O N C L U B S;
CONTAINING,

The No-Nose *Club*, } { The Sodomites, or
The Beaus *Club*, } { Mollies *Club*.
The Farting *Club*, } { The Quacks *Club*,

By the Author of the London Spy.



L O N D O N, Printed by J. Dutton, near Fleet-
street, also the First Part.

Of the NO-NOSE-CLUB.

A MERRY Gentleman who had often hazarded his own Boltsplit, by steering a Vitious Course among the Rocks of *Venus*, having observ'd in his walks thro' our *English Sodom*, that abundance of both Sexes had Sacrificed to the God *Priapus*, and had unluckily fallen into the *Athiopian* Fashion of Flat-Faces, pleas'd himself with an Opinion, it must prove a comical sight for so many maim'd Leachers; snuffling old Stallions; young unfortunate Whoremasters; poor scarify'd Bawds; and salivated Whetstones, to shew their scandalous Vizards in one Nose-less Society; To accomplish which, he made it his business, for some time, to strol about the Town, on purpose to pick acquaintance with all such stigmatiz'd Strumpets and Fornicators, as he thought might be proper Members of the Snuffling Community, pretending some thing or other that carry'd a face of Interest to all that he talk'd with, appointing every one apart to meet him at the *Dog-Tavern* in *Drury-Lane*, upon a certain Day, a little before Dinner-time, that they might Eat a bit together, and he would then acquaint them with the Secret. Being a well-bred Gentleman, and a Person that behav'd himself, to all he spoke to, with an unsuspected Gravity; when the Day appointed came, every one was curious to know the upshot of the Matter. The Gentleman, against the time, having order'd a very plentiful Dinner, acquainted the Vintner, who were like to be his Guests, that he might not be surpriz'd at so ill-favour'd an appearance, but pay them that Respect, when they came to ask for him, that might encourage them to tarry. When the Morning came, no sooner was the hand of *Corvent-Garden* Dial upon the stroak of the Hour prefix'd; but the No-Nose Company began to drop in apace, like Scald-Heads and Cripples to a Munger's Feast asking for Mr. *Crumpton*, which was the feign'd Name the Gentleman had taken upon him, succeeding one another so thick, with jarring Voices, like the brazen Strings of a crack'd Dulcimore, that the Drawer could scarce shew one up Stairs before he had another to conduct; the answer at the Bar being, to all that enquir'd, That Mr. *Crumpton* had been there, and desir'd every one that ask'd for him

would walk up Stairs, and he would wait upon them presently. As the Number encreas'd, the Surprise grew the greater among all that were present, who star'd at one another with such unaccustom'd Bashfulness, and confus'd Odness, as if every Sinner beheld their own Iniquities in the Faces of their Companions.

The Dinner being now brought to the Table, and the Scare-Crows seated according to their Seniority, as soon as their Food was sanctify'd with a short Grace, they all fell to Grinding and Snuffling, for want of clear Passages, like fat Aldermen at my Lord-Mayor's Feast, who when tir'd with their Journey from *London to Westminster*, commonly eat their Custard between sleeping and waking. Among the rest of the Entertainment, there happen'd to be a couple of fat Pigs, which the Cook to make a Jest had merrily sent up with both their Snouts cut off: The Gentleman being offended to see the Pigs Heads so strangely mangl'd, sent for the Cook up stairs to know the Reason of it, who answer'd, ' He had cut off their Snouts to put the Pigs in the Fashion; for that he thought it not fit for two such squeamish Creatures, to run their unmannerly Noses into such good Company that had but one amongst them. A Pox take you, *Reply'd an old Snuffer*, for the Son of a Dripping-pan! The fewer Noses there are in the company, the more there ought to be in the Feast, for the Ladies know that flat things always love long Snouts.

As soon as they had eaten off the Edge of their Appetizes, being all highly pleas'd with their plentiful Entertainment, the Founder's Health was dish'd about in a Bumper, till they all grew as Frolicksome as so many Jugs and Bumkins at a Country House-Warning; and then they began to Jest, and be Merry with one another's Iniquities, as if their Sins were their Pride, and their Sufferings their Glory, every one being as free of their past Vices and Intrigues, as Gossips o'er their Ale, are of their Husbands Infirmities, that the single-Nos'd Gentleman was so delighted with his Guests, that he gave them his Company most part of the Day, and sat like *Don John* among his gaily Assembly of defac'd Monuments, just started from their Pedistals to take a Dinner with the Libertine.

But the bountiful Promoter, within less than a Year happening, in spite of his Nose, to Die in a Salivation, the

Flat- Fac'd Community were unhappily Dissolv'd : The last of their Meeting, at the request of the Deceas'd, being to Solemnize his Funeral, where every one had a Ring, in *Pia Memoria* of their Generous Benefactor, whose Remains were Honour'd with the following Elegy,

*Mourn all ye No-Nos'd Bullies of the Age,
Whose batter'd Snouts the Worlds decay
presage,
And shew, whilst Living, how the fairest
Face,
Adorn'd by Nature with each Charming
Grace,
Tho' a Chaste stranger to the Joys of Love,*

*Must Rot when Underground, like yours
Above;
And that fair Bridge, which in such form
does grow,
Beneath whose Griftly Arch such Juicer
flow,
When Dead, like your fallen Noses, e'er
you die,
Must tumble, and in Flat Disorder lie.*

The BEAUS CLUB.

THis Finikin Society, or Ladys Lap-Dog Club, is now kept at a certain Tavern near *Covent-Garden*, where every Afternoon the Fantastical Idols, assemble themselves in a Body, to compare Drestes, invent new Fashions, talk Bawdy, and drink Healths to their Mistresses. At the upper end of their Club-room, stands a Side-board Table, which is constantly furnish'd with a Dozen of Flannel Muckinders, folded up for rubbing the Dust off of their Upper-Leathers, or an unfortunate Speck off their Scabbards of their Swords. Next to these cleanly Necessaries, stands an Olive-Box, full of the best perfum'd Powder, crown'd with three or four mighty Combs, that their Wigs may be continually new scented, and every stragling Hair that has been ruffled by a Storm of their Mistresses Breath, may be carefully put into Orders. Round the Edges of the Table lies strew'd by way of Garnish, Scissors. Tooth-pickers, and Tweezers : Patches, Essences, Pomatums, Pastes, Patches, and Washes, with all the artful implements Woman can invent, to turn Men into Monkeys : So that the Sir Foplings are no sooner met, but they are as busie as so many Stage Players before a Comedy, dizening their ill shap'd Carcasses, and Apes Faces. Then down they sit to their *Champagne*, *Burgundy*, and *Hermatige*, pull out their gilt Snuff-Boxes, with *Orangeree*, *Brazil*, and plain *Spanish*, that each may feed his Elephants Trunk with Odoriferous Dust, and make his Breath as sweet as an *Arabian Breeze*, to the Nostrils of a Seaman ; and when they are thus scented, down goes a delicious Health to some Celebrated Harlot, nay House Punk ; or Court Courtezan.

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When the Modish Fops, *Amoretti's* have drank so many se-
ct Healths to their Mistresses, without the danger of raising
imples on their Faces, then they pay their Reckonings, tiff
p the Fore tops of their Wiggs, with their Alabaster Figures,
nd walk bare-headed to the Play-House, where they common-
y arrive about the Third Act, by which time the Ladies,
who care not much to appear by Day-light, are bolted from
their Stews, and *Drury-lane* Alleys, to sneak into the Pit, and
Eighteenpenny Gallery, without Tickets, at the Courtise
of the Door-keepers, when these gaudy Cringing Coxcombs
have thus met with their Matches, they tattle away the Play
time among their Half-Crown Punks, till one of the Frater-
city of sham Heroes, makes an humble Bow to the Box La-
dies, and the rest follow him according to their Custom, to
Drinking, Whoring and Gaming, till next Morning.

To be a Modish Fop, a Beau compleat,
is to pretend to, but be void of Wit :
Tis to be Squeamish, Critical, and Nice
in all things, and Fantastick to a Vice ;
Tis to seem knowing, tho' he nothing
(nows :
And vainly lewd to please his Brother
[Beaus ;
Tis in his Dress to be profusely Gay,
And to affect Whore-like, a wanton way ;
Tis to be charm'd with each new fashi-
(on'd Whim,
And to be modish to a vain extrem,
That each gay Punk a lustful Eye may

[rowl,
And for his Shapes admire the pretty fool ;
'Tis to attack the Ladies with a Grace,
And still transfer his Love to each new
[Face,
Flutter about his Charms, till like a Fly,
Burnt by the Flame, he's scorch'd amidst
[his Joy ;
Then Curling of the B---ch, is forc'd to
[cool
The Pocky Heat, by running off to Stool ;
Till with repeated Purges, by degrees,
The pricking pains and Inflammations cease

The Sodomites, or Mollies C L U B.

There are are a particular Gang of Sodomitical Wretches
in Town, who call themselves *Mollies*, and are so far dege-
nerated from all Masculine Deportment, or Manly Exerci-
ses, that they rather fancy themselves Women, imitating all
the little Vanities that Custom has reconcil'd to the Female
Sex, affecting to speak, walk, tattle, curtsy, cry, scold, and
mimick all manner of Effeminacy. At a certain Tavern in
the City, whose Sign I shall not mention, because I am un-
willing to fix an *Odium* on the House, they have a settled and
constant Meeting. When they are met together, their usual
Practice is to mimick a Female Gossiping, and fall into all
the impertinent Tittle Tattle, that a merry Society of good
Wives

Wives can be sub'ect to: Not long since they had cushion'd up the Belly of one of their Sodomitical Brethren, or rather Sisters, according to Female Dialect, disguising him in a Woman's Night-Gown, Sarfenet-hood, and Night-rail, who when the Company were met, was to mimick the wry Faces of the Groaning Woman, to be deliver'd of a Jointed-Baby, they had provided, and to undergo all the Formalities of a Lying-in. The wooden Offspring to be afterwards Christen'd, whilst one in a High Crown'd Hat, I am old Belshazzar Pinner, representing a Country-Midwife, and another dizzen'd up in a Huswife's Coif for a Nurse, and all the rest of an impertinent *Decorum* of a Christening.

And for the further Promotion of their unbecoming Mirth, every one was to talk of their Husbands and Children, one extolling the Virtues of her Husband, another the Genius and Wit of their Children; whilst a third would express himself sorrowfully under the Character of a Widow.

Thus every one in his turn makes Scoff of the little Effeminacy, and Weaknesses, which Women are subject to: when Gossiping o'er their Cups, on purpose to extinguish that Natural Affection which is due to the fair Sex, and to turn their Juvenile Desires, towards preternatural Polotions. No sooner have they ended their Feasts and run through all the Ceremonies of Theatrical way of Gossiping, then they begin to enter upon their Beastly Obscenities, that no Man who is not sunk into a State of Devilism can think on without Blushing: Which Practice they continu'd till they were happily routed by the conduct of some of the under Agent-, to the Reforming Society; so that several of them were brought to open Punishment, which happily put a Period to their Scandalous Revels.

The Quacks Club.

THE Empericks of the Town, *alias*, Licens'd Physicians as to scandal of the College, they are pleas'd to call themselves, that they might be the better able to promote the Interest of Quackism, thought it necessary some Weeks since, to hold a Weekly Correspondence at a certain Tavern near the Change, that they might not only be able to be of mutual Service to each other, but defend their

Pre-

pretensions to Physick, Chymistry, &c. against all oppos-
 ers: Upon their first meeting, Dr. *Saffold's* Successor had
 the Honour to be chosen by the Majority of High-German
 Cobblers, Dutch-Tumblers, and English Rope-Dancers,
 Prolocutor to the Society, and took his Place at the Board
 in an Elbow-Chair accordingly: every formal Student in
 the Twin Sciences or Pedentry of Physick and Astrology,
 having so strict a regard to the Gravity of their Profession,
 that they grac'd the solemn Junta with their Ebony Canes,
 Bands, and all their Querpo Formalities, as if they were go-
 ing to Dine with my Lord, and to beg leave of the City to
 pull down the Statue of King *Charles II.* and to erect a
 Monutebanks Stage in the middle of the Exchange, that
 by selling Packets of a Noble Cat-artick, call'd *Pitula Ho-*
nesta, they might purge all manner of Knavery out of the
 canker'd Consciences of Change-Brokers and Stockjobbers.
 When these Medicinal Coxcombs have exemplified at large
 the infallible Virtues of their Popular Pills, Universal Pow-
 ders, and sundry sorts of Panaceas, Nostrums, Hodge-
 Podges, and Cathalicons, then the wonderful Cures they
 have performed are seperately discanted on: Such inimita-
 ble Miracles upon Country Chubs, Old Nurses, sick Cham-
 ber-Maids and Lame-Mumpers, that are never to be for-
 gotten, whilst we have a Sir *Will--m* in his Coach and Six,
 or a famous Dr. *Gately* with his numerous Retinue of Vaul-
 ters, Tumblers and Rope-Dancers, to support the Memory
 of their Emperical Predecessors. For when our Modern
 Operators mount their Country Scaffolds, with their Train
 of *Bartholomew-Fools*, surrounded with a gaping Crowd of
 Dairy Drudging Jugs, and Rural Coridons; then, that their
 Packet Speeches may be larded with something that may seem
 Learned, *Cessante Tollitur, causa Effectus*, says the Plush Jack-
 et Doctor, was the good saying of that famous Physician
 Dr. *Kerleus*, who, for his Countries good, Travell'd as I do;
 which is as much as to say, if you take my Physick you may
 be sure of a cure.

For the sake of these, and such like Advantages, they
 continu'd their weekly Meeting, during one whole Winter;
 but Summer coming on, the greatest part drawing off, to
 their country Circuits, and the rest in their cups contending
 about their skill, and the Excellency and Efficacy of their
 Pre- never

never failing Remedies, fell together by the Ears on the first of April last, and so like April Fools, put an End to the Society, verifying the old Proverb, That two of a Trade can never agree.

*Of all the Plagues with which our Land is
Curst,
The Frauds of Physick seem to be the worst:
For tho' the Law, 'tis true, abounds with
Weeds,
And from Alstrea's Rules too oft exceeds,
Yet those keen Foxes of such sundry sorts,
Who hang in Swarms about her awful
Courts,*

*By their Male Practice, and Prolix Debates,
Can only hurt our Pockets and Estates;*

*But careful Quacks, in Physick's Art un-
read,*

*To Weaving, Cobbling, or to Tumbling bred,
Or else poor Scoundrels, who for Scraps
and Thanks*

*Swept Stages for their Master Mountebank
These to the World destructive Slops com-
mend,*

*And do their pays'nous Cheats to Life ex-
tend;*

*By vain Pretences pick the Patent's Purse,
And with sham Mea'cins make 'em ten
times worse.*

Of the FARTING Club.

OF all the fantastick Clubs that ever took Pains to make themselves Stink in the Nostrils of the Publick, sure no ridiculous community ever came up to this windy Society, which was certainly Establish'd by a parcel of empty Sparks, about thirty years since, at a Publick-House in Cripple-Gate Parish, where they us'd to meet once a Week to poison the Neighbouring Air with their unfavoury Crepitations, and were so vain in their Ambition to out Fart one another, that they us'd to Diet themselves against their club-Nights with cabbage, Onions, and Pease-Porridge, that every one's Bumfiddle might be the bet or qualified to sound forth its Emulation.

*Since he who by deceitful Arts,
With Arms instead of Arse lets Fart,
Shall be Dispar'd, because his Fun,
Can't fairly call the Sound its own.*

*Then what must he deserve who Steals
His Wit, and treads on others Heels?
Whose busie Tongue makes publick use
Of what his Brains could ne'er produce.*

F I N I S.